

C ANZON 6.



MY FATE ! O not my fault I hath me debarred
 From forth thy favour's sunny sanctuary, Unto
 the dear applause of thy regard, Witness the
 world ! how I, my guest did marry !
 My tears, my sighs ; all have I summed in thee !
 Conceit the total ! do not partialise ! And then
 accept of their infinity As part of payment to
 exacting eyes!
 And yet thy Trophy to ennoble more, My
 heart prepares anew to thesaurise Sighs and
 love options such as it sent of yore, Save
 number they I faith only these englories!
 Yet though I thus enwealthy thy exchequer;
 Seem it not strange, I live ZEPHERIA'S debtor I



C AN Z O N 7*

MORE fair, but yet more cruel I thee deem
 (Though by how much the more thou
 beauteous art, So much of pity shouldst thou more
 esteem !); Fairer than PHCEBE, yet a harder heart.
 Her when ACTOEON viewed with privy eye, She
 doomed him but a death (a death he owed !),
 While he pursued, before his dogs did fly. Here was
 the worst of ill (good Queen!) she shewed.
 But when, a start, mine eye had thee espied
 Though at discover, yet stand I sentenced Not to
 one death, to which I would have hied: For since,
 unarmed, and to eye unfenced, Thy PHCEBE-fairer
 parts were mine eyes' prospective.
 O gnet I unto myself, disgraced I live!